

## LITERARY MISCELLANY.

For the National Era.

LEONARD WRAY.

A ROMANCE OF MODERN HISTORY.  
By the author of "The Chronicles of the Battle,"  
"The Embury," "The Yale Log," "Philly of  
Lutetia," &c.

CHAP. XIII.—Continued.

"Well," observed Grit, "there's no 'counting for obstinacy, no way. You asked me to help you out with your plan, and I can't fix it comfortably to do it. I ain't no better than you; but I don't want to feel I'm worse than I used to be. There's this yer difference between us, however. I gamble cool, and for the 'toime of it. If I lose, it ain't much odds, for I'm of no account in the world, and ain't only got myself to make miserable. You gamble desperate. You do it for the sake of the thing. You've got to love it; and if death and damnation stood at your feet, and the table, you'd leap clean through both, rather than be balked of your chance. Can't I see you a watching our hot-ol so curious like. That's why I followed you up, to see where you went to. It ain't no fault of mine, for you allow me to a gambler's house, nor it ain't no fault of yours as I'm a bit of a gambler, and went in after you. Now I know you, I'm like to stick by your acquaintance, and though I don't 'gree with you in the matter of these yer figgers. But I likes to see a man 'bide by his principles and convictions; for I know he's got the right sort of grit in him. Now, look here. We won't talk no more this spell about these yer calculations. There's been a deal of talk 'bout a makin' on 'em, and I shouldn't ha' come 'nearly a purpose to hear what you'd got to say about 'em, if I hadn't a seen you playing bo-peep with Mr. Leonard and Miss Milly. I call her Milly, for friendship like. Now, I want to know what game you are up to."

"You know them, then?" inquired Martin. "Pretty considerable," answered Zach. "They are friends of yours?" asked Martin.

"Well, you may call 'em so. Yes, sir," was the reply.

"Do you know a Monsieur Mark Aveling?" "Too! And no good of him! Do you?" Martin nodded his head.

"I would serve your friends," he said, putting his face near to Zach's, and speaking in a half whisper. "Have they received a visit lately from a lawyer, about a mortgage?"

Zach gave a long, low whistle. At the end of it, he mentioned the name of Pelligrini, of whose personal appearance he also gave a description, but by no means flattering.

"He is my employer," said Martin.

"Whip me raw with green hickory, if I didn't think he was next o' kin to old Sam," ejaculated Zach. "Well!"

Martin shook his head, to indicate that he held him in no very high estimation, and presently added:

"Monsieur Wray has accepted Pelligrini's offer. He and Aveling are agreed. There is mischief meant. I do not know what they intend to do, but Pelligrini is a bad man, and, from what I have been able to gather, he is helping on some scheme of Monsieur Aveling's. I was set to watch Monsieur Wray and his sister, in and out, and if they changed lodgings, to follow them up. I am not in the secret, but I know no good is intended to Monsieur Wray."

"If I didn't say so!" exclaimed Grit. "But you won't want to watch 'em no longer now, old fellow," he added, with a sly wink.

"You do not know my master," responded Martin. "He is as sly as a fox, and as remorseless as a tiger. Better let things go on."

"Why shouldn't I warn Mr. Wray?"

"Because it would render him no service now. He is, to all intents and purposes, Pelligrini's debtor; and if he attempted to stir up fortune will overtake him. The law will be put in force."

"Then I don't see," observed Zach, "how you can serve my friends."

"There is no hurry yet. Matters are not arranged," answered Martin; "but if—if you will aid me in—forwarding my plans, in promoting my grand discovery, you shall not find me ungrateful. You see," he added, after a pause, "it is a certain one. It can be demonstrated, like a problem in Euclid. It is founded on a principle. The only thing wanting to me is money, money."

He repeated the word several times, in a subdued tone, and with almost painful emphasis. It seemed to be the hinge on which his entire existence hung. In that one idea, all his thoughts, hopes, aspirations, appeared to be centered. He recommended the exposition of his great discovery, and went through it in minute detail, and if he hoped to profit upon proof, bringing forward countless slips of paper, covered with the most abstruse calculations and the most complicated diagrams of figures, in black ink and red. Finally, he placed before Zachariah a square sheet of paper, on which the marvellous system he had invented was exhibited in a tabular form, in a series of columns, exhibiting the results of ventures made, and what further ventures would have resulted. Nothing—so far as accuracy of calculation went—could possibly be more satisfactory.

"Look," he continued, now thoroughly excited, "look at this column." Here he laid his long, bony fore-finger, which looked like a skeleton's, upon one of the series of calculations. "This is what I was aiming at last night. The stake at this point, you see, was only a hundred and sixty dollars, and I looked to realize five thousand seven hundred and eighty."

"But you lost," ejaculated Zach.

"I knew I should lose," answered Martin. "I was proving my theory. I was working up to that point, and knew I must lose till I reached it. I tell you, it is money! Here, again, at this point, the stake is sixteen hundred dollars—the certain gain, fifty-seven thousand six hundred. At this point, the stake is at the absurd figure of sixteen dollars; the return secured—mark well—five hundred and seventy."

"Can't you begin small?" asked Grit, becoming interested.

"Yes, yes; I always commence at low stakes," answered the other. "That is the main feature of my system. But you must go on to a certain point—here it is—in this column. You must make up your mind to lose all you stake, up to this figure; then, you see, the stake becomes heavier; but then the return is large, and suffices to cover previous losses."

"Why not go double, or triple, and quite, straight along?" queried Zach, bringing his own experience to bear on the subject.

"It would be perdition. That is how so many thousands of infatuated, unconsidering men are ruined," answered Martin, in strange but utter obliviousness of his own infatuation.

"You doubt, feeble, quadruple, their stake, without knowing that they must lose by the laws of the certainty of chance. They play without principle. Now, my system is, never to hazard more than a certain sum, regulated, not by the amount of previous losses, but by a certain standard of returns, which most come in due course and in a given succession, provided you can play long enough. But, to do that, you must have money."

A new light appeared to have broken upon Grit. He had often heard of extraordinary chances at play—money, but not infrequently witnessed their occurrence; but it was a new

elity in his experience to see gaming reduced to the level of an exact science. His curiosity became excited. He put questions, suggested adverse contingencies, propounded new combinations; but Martin met him at every turn, and answered him on every point, intent only on satisfying the doubts of the inquirer after this dangerous species of knowledge. The investigation led them late into the night, and still Martin's stock of information did not appear to be exhausted. Whatever impression it produced upon Zachariah, however, he did not betray it, beyond appearing to take a deeper interest in the subject.

"Can't say," he observed, "you ain't proved it on paper. It's as clear as moonlight. Can't I tell you for a used old fool, when I see you put down, seemingly a purpose to lose every time. But you've give me a three-year-old wrinkle to-night, and I guess there's pretty considerable reason and science in your foolishness. It gave me the yallers, though, to see you 'fared out so clean, that's a fact. Now, I didn't go by science, and I picked up just what you look."

"Yes," but now you have seen the proof, will you not join me?" asked Martin, eagerly.

"I'll put my night-cap on't," answered Zach; "leastways all as if, for I don't wear one. I likes to kip my head cool, night and day. Guess you aren't in a billion hurry?"

"No! No! Not for a day or two. I will wait patiently," replied Martin. "But you will aid me, will you not?"

"On my word of honor, no!" answered Zach; "if I do, it must be a bargain between us. I must have my friend served, old boss, mind that, now."

"You shall, you shall," gasped Martin. "I will do anything for you and them, if you will only assist me."

"Well, I don't mind considerin' on it," observed Grit, "so the sooner you give me your plan, the sooner I can get you out with these yer figgers."

"Never fear, never fear," murmured Martin. "I will let you know when there is any real danger."

Zach rose to depart. Martin stopped him, and asked him a favor. "It was only a trifle, would he?"

"You'll go yonder again to-night, if I do," said Grit.

"On my word of honor, no!" gasped Martin, holding out his hand.

Zach thrust the money into the extended palm—two gold pieces. Martin clutched them eagerly, with many expressions of thanks, and then Zach went away.

When he was gone, the old man gathered up his papers and put them carefully aside—all save one, which he folded up and thrust into his pocket. He had placed the gold on the table. He looked at it for some time, making calculations mentally, and setting down the results on the inside cover of an old book. He then deposited the two glittering pieces in a worn leather purse which he took out of a drawer, and heaving a deep sigh, like a groan, glided out of the room, and slunk away out of the house.

And notwithstanding his word of honor, he did go "yonder."

"Surely," said Zach, "mattered Zach, who had lain in wait for him in a dark doorway. 'I know he would; but it ain't o' no use. He's all too far gone, now.' So he let him pass."

For the National Era.

## THE BANDIT BROTHERS.

FROM THE RUSSIAN OF POUSSKIN.

Like ravens in a cloud alighting,  
With sombre wings and croaking tones,  
Upon a heap of mouldering bones,  
A robber band are reuniting  
Beyond the Volga, by the light  
Of watchfires gleaming through the night.

A mixture strange of garbs and faces,  
Of tribes, conditions, tongues, and races:  
From cloisters, huts, and dungeon cells,  
They're banded in the hope of spoils.

Here, in all hearts, one purpose dwells—  
No law to hold them in its toils.

The hardy fugitive is there,  
Fled from thy banks, heroic Don;  
The Hebrew with his raven hair,  
And many a fierce and warlike son  
The steppe have borne—the grim Bashkir,  
The wild Calmuck, unknown to fear,  
The red-haired Finn, the Gipsy rude,  
Roving in lonely lair.

Danger and blood, death and fraud,  
A life by justice never awed—  
These are the horrid traits that bind  
This band in war against their kind.

Meet in their work to bear a part  
He who, with a stony heart,  
Has mocked at helpless orphans' groans,  
And snide sweet music in his tones;  
By whose unshrinking hand is split  
The widow's blood; who never spares  
Or infant locks or silver hairs;  
Who finds in murder joy less fleeting  
Than that which crowns the lovers' meeting.

Now all is silent, and the moon  
Sheds o'er them its uncertain light;  
And of the wine-drunk's sparkling boom  
Is sought to cheer the lagging night.  
Some, prone upon the dew-damp ground,  
Have sunk into a fitful slumber;

While dark, their guilty heads around,  
Fit flitting phantoms without number.  
Others the sullen hours beguiled,  
With barabos legends, strange and wild,  
Recounting deeds of reckless daring.  
But now, in willing fascination,  
A stranger's voice the rest has bound;  
And all in silence gather round,  
Attentive to his rude narration.

"We were but two—in infancy  
Left to a dreary orphanage,  
Fed by a grudging charity.  
Mid strangers passed our tender age.  
United in our loneliness,  
We little knew of childhood's bliss.  
Full oft we suffered pinching want—  
Full oft we endured the bitter taunt;  
And while the cup of life for others  
Flowed sparkling from the fount of pleasure,  
Distress and anguish without measure  
Were poured out for the orphan brothers;  
And without hope for future years,  
Youth dawning 'mid misery and tears.

Ah! comrades, ye will wonder not  
We tired at length of such a lot,  
And with strong arm resolved to try  
Some more congenial destiny.  
With trusty steel and friendly night,  
The sole companions of our fight,  
We fled, not fearing lest the morrow  
Should dawn amid new want and sorrow.  
All fears and griefs we cast aside,  
And treacherous conscience learned to hide.

"Ah, youth! hold, brave, adventurous youth!  
A glorious life we led in sooth,  
While, scorning death in many a fray,  
The strife we shared by night—by day,  
Safe in the forest, shared the prey.  
Whenever the moon, with friendly light,  
To guide the traveller on his way,  
Shone clear amid the vault of night,  
We sallied forth in quest of prey.  
In ambushes we silent wait,  
Till lucky chance may bring to view  
Some sorry priest or wealthy Jew,  
Returning homeward tired and late;  
And when into our hands they fall,

What'er we find—we seize on all.  
In winter oft, at dead of night,  
It was for us a wild delight,  
With darning sleds and bounding steed,  
Across the snowy depth to speed.  
We sing and shout—and when we fly,  
As arrows through the frosty air,  
Our powerful arm who dares defy?  
When'er a country inn we spy,  
By lights which through the darkness flare,  
Thither we haste, with joy alert,  
And with loud knock assault the gate—  
We call the housewife lustily,  
And, entering, all to us is free.  
We feast, with many a mirthful sally,  
And with the buxom maidens dally.  
[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## WASHINGTON, D. C.

SATURDAY, JULY 29, 1854.

## NORTHERN PERFIDY AND SOUTHERN HONOR.

It would be amusing, if it were not disgusting, to read the impudent claims set up by Southern politicians and presses, to absolute infallibility, in their interpretations of the Constitution. If the Southern States see fit to nullify the Revenue laws, as did South Carolina in 1832, or the Post Office laws, as several of the States have done, or the Constitution itself, as all the Southern States have done, as to the clause which secures equality of privileges to citizens of the several States, it is all right and proper; at any rate, chivalrous and honorable. Even those Southern men who have not approved the nullification of the Revenue laws by South Carolina, are far from branding the act as treasonable, and its authors as perjurers. But let a Northern man, particularly a member of Congress, disclaim the obligation to run down fugitive slaves, and every newspaper and demagogue south of the Potomac is utterly thunderstruck with the exhibition of bad faith. All the vials of wrath and indignation are poured out upon his head; and his expulsion from the halls of Congress is demanded, in the name of all that is honorable among men. The Northern people have often been frightened from their propriety by tricks of this kind; but the day has passed and gone forever, when they can again produce their desired effect.

The clearest infractions of the laws of the United States, when their constitutionality has not been brought in question, have been committed, not merely by Southern mobs, but by Southern States, acting in their legislative capacities. Men who swore to support the Federal Constitution, and the laws made in pursuance thereof, have deliberately violated those oaths by voting to nullify the laws of the land. Whatever may be said in excuse for South Carolina, in her nullification of the Revenue laws, there cannot be the shadow of apology for the deliberate abrogation of the Post Office laws; and South Carolina, and other Southern States which have nullified them, have not even alleged their unconstitutionality. They have deliberately made it a penal offence for a postmaster to do that which the laws of the United States command him to do, viz: to deliver letters and papers to those to whom they are directed. The postmaster is compelled, under pains and penalties, to give notice to a magistrate that Abolition newspapers have been received at his office; and the magistrate is authorized to enter the post office, forcibly if necessary, and take out and burn the objectionable mail matter! Is it not cool impudence for the authors of such law, or talk of Representatives in Washington, to talk of honor and good faith, and to impute to others the violation of oaths?

Then there is the clause securing equality of privileges in each State, to the citizens of the several States, which has been utterly nullified and repudiated by every slaveholding State. The clause referred to is a part of the same article and section of the Constitution which requires the rendition of fugitives from labor. We copy the entire section:

"Art. IV, Sec. 2. The citizens of each State shall be entitled to all privileges and immunities of citizens in the several States."

"A person charged in any State with treason, felony, or other crime, who shall flee from justice, and be found in another State, shall, on demand of the Executive authority of the State from which he fled, be delivered up, to be removed to the State having jurisdiction of the crime."

"No person held to service or labor in one State, under the laws thereof, escaping into another, shall, in consequence of any law or regulation therein, be discharged from such service or labor, but shall be delivered up on claim of the party to whom such service or labor may be due."

The first, third, and fourth sections of the fourth article of the Constitution expressly confer power upon Congress to carry out their several provisions; but the second section, as will be seen above, confers no power upon Congress. If any such power exists, it is outside of this section, and must be applicable to the whole of it. Allowing it to exist, it becomes equally the duty of Congress to enforce the first clause by legislative enactment; and, with or without an act of Congress to enforce it, there cannot be a shadow of doubt about its obligation upon the States. Yet what has been the course of Southern legislation touching this clause? It has been abolished, and trampled under foot, by men who have sworn, upon the Holy Evangelists of Almighty God, to respect and enforce it! Every Southern State has passed laws for the sale or imprisonment of free colored citizens from the North, merely for entering their borders; and these barbarous and cruel statutes are enforced in the open face of day, in the presence of the United States District Judges, Attorneys, and Marshals! Is not the very sublime of cool impudence reached, when men, who have vowed for or sustain such laws, talk of the sacredness of oaths?

The late Judge Johnson, of South Carolina, said that the unconstitutionality of the laws against the admission of free colored citizens of other States was too clear to admit of argument; and Mr. Benjamin admits their unconstitutionality; yet such notes disgrace the statute books of States whose representatives in the United States Senate affect a holy horror at the announcement of Mr. Sumner that he will not catch a runaway negro! Can impudence and hypocrisy go further?

G.

George Bell, a boatman, was drowned (accidentally, it is presumed), near this city, on Wednesday evening, July 26th.

## NORTH CAROLINA POLITICS.

President Pierce assigns as a reason for assenting to the Cape Fear appropriation, that the obstruction was placed in the river by the Government, and it hence became a duty to remove it at the expense of the Federal Treasury. We perceive that Southern papers suggest, with a good deal of plausibility, that the approaching August Election in North Carolina, upon which depends two Senatorial appointments, may have had something to do with the disposition of the question.

Mr. Badger's term expires on the 4th of March next, and the other place has been vacant since March, 1853. It is thought that the contest will be very close. The principal subjects of controversy are the public lands, and free suffrage, including the White Basis of Representation. The State is divided geographically on the latter point—the West, of course, favoring representation based on the white population alone. Under the existing Constitution, a fifty-acre freehold is necessary to qualify a citizen to vote for State Senators. The Whigs, particularly of the east and centre, are disposed to dodge the issue, and demand an open Convention. The Democrats wish to make certain amendments, by a two-thirds vote of the Legislature, which is one mode provided by the Constitution. This effort to limit the people as to the nature and extent of the reforms they may demand, shows anything but Democratic faith in the masses, and, in turn, gives the Whigs the advantage. So the fight seems to be on about equal terms, and the result is regarded as doubtful.

The Whigs are strong on the Land Distribution question before the People, as that is the only mode by which the State can come in for a share of the public domain. The Nebraska bill seems not to be a prominent topic. The Whigs are divided, and the Democrats, in different, as to the value of the measure. Still, on the whole, it is erring on the safe side to go for the bill, looking at it in a demagogical point of view. Party feeling runs high, and there is little probability of a fusion between the parties. The election takes place next Thursday.

## EMANCIPATION IN GEORGIA.

We find the following interesting statement in the National Intelligencer of Friday morning. We think we have perceived, of late, a growing spirit of Emancipation in the South, sometimes exhibited in the last will and testament of the dying, and sometimes by the deed of the living. Such testimonies to the cause of humanity and justice cannot fail to teach a beautiful moral lesson to the people, North and South, and we hail them as the harbingers of a better era. The statement of the Intelligencer furnishes an illustration of the injustice and cruelty of Illinois and Indiana, at the same time that it redounds so much to the honor of citizens of Georgia.

G.

A CASE OF CONSCIENCE OR LAW.

Where shall they go? This is a question for the friends of colonization to answer.

We have received the following facts from the Secretary of the American Colonization Society. They were communicated to him by one of the executors, a gentleman well known to us of the very highest respectability.

About a year ago, a gentleman residing in Georgia departed this life, leaving a very large estate, consisting mainly of lands and negroes. He left a will in due form, of which he appointed five persons executors. Upon an examination of his will, they were at once fully satisfied that the great and leading object of the deceased was to secure to his negroes—about 150 in number—emancipation from bondage, and to place them in comfortable circumstances as free people. To effect this, his will provides that his executors should, as early as a day practicable, dispose of sufficient property there-in pointed out, and raise sufficient funds for the purpose of removing the whole of his negroes to one of the States of Indiana or Illinois, and there purchase and procure, for the comfortable settlement of his said negroes, a sufficient quantity of good arable land, with sufficient timber thereon, and to have them furnished with every necessary outfit to make them a comfortable agricultural people; including wagons and teams, and all necessary implements of husbandry, together with all necessary and convenient articles for housekeeping, and also a good supply of provisions for one year.

The testator left neither wife nor child, brother nor sister. He had some nephews and nieces, to whom, after providing in the most liberal manner for his negroes, as set forth above, he left the residue of his estate. They will inherit a very handsome property. But he stipulated, that if any of these heirs should make any attempt to defeat or thwart his wishes in regard to his negroes, then and in that case such offender should be absolutely disinherited from all that he might be entitled to in his estate whatever, and that their share or shares should be applied to the use and benefit of the poor of the county in which he lived.

One of the executors, immediately after he ascertained the responsibilities which would devolve upon the executors, opened a correspondence with the Governors of Indiana and Illinois, and he soon learned that the negroes could not be admitted and established in either of those States upon the terms provided for by the testator. The will, therefore, cannot be literally carried out.

What shall be done? The same number of negroes are seldom seen together, who are more likely, healthy, and promising. A part of them are very intelligent, and are very anxious to go to Liberia.

The executor alluded to above desires to have the case brought before the proper tribunals of the country, and a decree obtained authorizing the executors to remove to Liberia the negroes to the Colonization Society, for transportation to Liberia; and also to settle upon them the money to which they are entitled under the will. He says: "I have an earnest and abiding solicitude to send them to Liberia. Every feeling of my heart rebels at the idea of these people remaining here, in a state of bondage, contrary to the most ardent desire of their late master." And again: "Should I labor under any misapprehension in regard to this subject being a legitimate one for the co-operation of my society, my apology must be found in the fact of my zeal to vindicate the rights and promote the welfare of those who are incompetent to protect themselves, and whose good conduct while in a state of bondage induced their late master to provide for their freedom by his last will and testament, and make liberal provision to carry the same into effect."

The laws of the two free States designated by the testator render it impossible for those slaves to go thither; she will provide no alternative for such a contingency. What can be done?

The value of the Shawnee Furnace property, at Columbia, Pennsylvania, destroyed by fire, July 26th, is reported to be \$40,000.

## For the National Era.

## I CHABOD!

I heard the train's shrill whistle call,  
I saw an earnest look beseech,  
And, rather by that look than speech,  
My neighbor told me all.

And as I thought of Liberty,  
Marched, hand-cuffed, down that sworded street,  
The solid earth beneath my feet  
Reeled fluid as the sea.

I felt a sense of bitter loss—  
Shame, tearless grief, and stifling wrath,  
And loathing fear, as if my path  
A serpent stretched across.

All love of home, all pride of place,  
All generous confidence and trust,  
Sank smothering in that deep disgust  
And anguish of disgrace.

Down on my native hills of June,  
And home's green quiet, hiding all,  
Fell sudden darkness like the fall  
Of midnight upon noon!

And Law, an unloosed gale, strong,  
Blood-drunk, through the blackness trod,  
Hoarse-shouting in the ear of God  
The blasphemy of wrong.

"Oh, Mother! from thy memories proud,  
Thy old remembrance, dear Commonwealth,  
Lend this dead ear a breeze of health,  
And smite with stars this cloud."

"Mother of Freedom! wise and brave,  
Rise awful in thy strength," I said;  
Ah, me! I spoke but to the dead;  
I stood upon her grave!

J. G. W.

## THE BURNING OF SAN JUAN.

In the newspapers of this country, we have seen but few and feeble attempts to temper the storm of indignation with which the tidings of this disgraceful affair have everywhere been received. The following, by "X," of the Baltimore Sun, is among them:

"A great fire is now making about the burning of the wooden shanties at Greytown. As nobody has been killed, and as good care was taken that nobody should be killed, by giving timely notice to quit, the configuration, not quite as serious as that of Moscow, can only serve to convince the subjects of the Mosquito King that it is, perhaps, quite as profitable to have the good will of the United States as to enjoy the protection of Great Britain."

"Ion," in the same paper, says:

"The Senate have, on motion of Mr. Peares, called for information on the subject of the demolition of Greytown, and the facts will be known in time to induce Congress to provide in the general appropriation bill for the payment of half a million of dollars to the sufferers. It is assumed that Capt. Hollins literally fulfilled his instructions. The policy of destroying the town, even if we had a right to do so under national law, is very questionable."

If the purposes of the Administration and Captain Hollins was to squander half a million of the people's money, a new face is put on the matter, and the people of this country of course have no right to complain? Ridiculous as this suggestion is, it seems to us to be the most rational that has been offered.

G.

A poem commemorative of the destruction of San Juan is so much desired, that the offer of a prize is spoken of. Captain Hollins will be immortalized. Couldn't something be said in it of the commander of the revenue cutter who brought Burns back to slavery? Posterity may be disposed to cherish the memory of both of these gentlemen, as of all other prominent participants in noble deeds!

The dedication of Glenwood Cemetery, near Washington, will take place on Tuesday afternoon, August 1st, at five o'clock. There will be appropriate services: Prayer by the Rev. R. L. Dashiell; Address by the Rev. Dr. Butler; Poem by the Rev. Mr. Sunderland. This Cemetery lies north of the Capitol; distance one mile and a half; formerly the estate of Junius J. Boyle, Esq.

Hon. Orasmus Cole, late a Whig member of Congress from Wisconsin, has announced his intention to act with the new party of Freedom hereafter.

The Ogdenburg (N. Y.) Republican has always been called a Barnburner paper. But here is its present record:

"SEND IN THE CALLS THIS WEEK FOR THE SARATOGA CONVENTION.—We have already received from Canton, Lisbon, Madrid, and Oswego, a part of the calls circulating in those towns, recommending a county meeting at Canton, on the 9th of August, with between four and five hundred signatures of prominent, substantial citizens, among them many of the most active Democrats and Whigs, residents in those towns. The call is signed, we are informed, by nearly all who see it and have an opportunity to sign it. The feelings of a very large majority against the abrogation of the eighth section of the Missouri Compromise, in the passage of the Kansas-Nebraska Bill, is one of disappointment and indignation."

MODERATE!—The Louisville Journal corrects the report of the destruction of its office by fire on the 4th instant, and the loss thereby of \$50,000, and says:

"Even if our office were to be burned, the pecuniary loss to us and the insurance companies would not be \$150,000." But we must acknowledge, that, if the Louisville Journal were to be effectually and finally destroyed, it would be a Louisville loss, a Kentucky loss, a Western loss, a National loss, for which \$150,000 would be no compensation."

A SINGULAR PHENOMENON.—Just before passing through Pettibone's tunnel, the other day, a gentleman and lady sitting opposite each other were observed to be in close and earnest conversation. On the lady's lip there was a small piece of black court-plaster. After emerging from the tunnel into broad daylight again, it was noticed that the bit of court-plaster had disappeared from the lady's lip, and was sticking fast to the lip of the gentleman. A committee of two, a single lady and gentleman, will be appointed shortly to investigate the mystery, and report to the public.

Waiting Times.

REPUBLICAN STATE CONVENTION, MASSACHUSETTS.—The Provisional Committee, appointed by the Convention of the People held at Worcester on the 20th of July current, call upon the Republicans of each of the towns and cities of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, to elect a number of delegates, equal to three times the number of Representatives to which they are entitled in the General Court, to attend a State Convention at Worcester, on Thursday, the 7th day of September next, at 11 o'clock A. M., to nominate candidates for State officers, and to take such other action as may be thought proper, in order to promote the cause of resistance to the Slave Power.

## A CALL UPON FREEMEN.

The proceedings alluded to in the following communication are already known to our readers; but the appeal here made will not be in vain:

KANSAS TERRITORY, KANSAS RIVER,  
July 2, 1854.

To the Editor of the National Era:

DEAR SIR: Through your valuable paper, I wish to say a few words to you, and to the Slave Friends throughout the nation. I wish to state a few facts, and then let the good sense and humanity of this great nation decide whether this beautiful land shall be another prison-house for our brother man.

With this letter I send you a copy of the Western Reporter, a paper published at Weston, Missouri, in order that you and others may see what efforts are being made here to chain this wish you to prohibit such resolutions and make such comments as will show Anti-Slavery men that Freedom's enemies are not only among us, but are marshalling all their energies to fill our land with a pro-slavery population.

This Territory, lying as it does south of Nebraska, and contiguous to a slaveholding State, makes it an object for a slaveholding population. And now, when the last, the greatest barrier—the Missouri Compromise—is repealed, we are assured that we can only speak of the future of the Territory, and make such comments as will show Anti-Slavery men that Freedom's enemies are not only among us, but are marshalling all their energies to fill our land with a pro-slavery population.